JACK MILLER & NEAL ADAMS

JUNE 1985
NO. 2

DEADMAN™

SAY IT, EAGLE!

AND?

I'M... I'M A SPARROW!

...AND A-- COWARD!

AND A KILLER!

DEADMAN

CARMINE INFANTINO ----- PLOT
JACK MILLER ----- SCRIPT
NEAL ADAMS ----- ART

A CIRCUS HAS NO HOME--OR **MANY** HOMES! AND THE JOY THAT HAILS ITS ARRIVAL TURNS TO SADNESS WHEN THE SPIKES ARE PULLED UP AND THE TENTS ARE FOLDED, AND THE GAUDILY PAINTED WAGONS BEGIN THEIR SLOW PROCESSION TO THE NEXT TOWN!... ONE **OUTSIDER** IS ON HAND AT EARLY DAWN TO OBSERVE THE SAD PARTING... ONCE A **HUMAN**... NOW ONLY AN EERIE EMANATION CALLED **DEADMAN**! AND WHO HAS A BETTER RIGHT TO SCREAM OUT THE QUESTION...

"**WHAT MAKES A CORPSE CRY?**"

GOOD LUCK, YOU CRAZY COOTS! SO LONG, LORNA--AND TINY--AND MAJOR MITE--AND BIG LENA! KNOCK 'EM DEAD, KIDS!

HA, HA! LOOK AT ME-- I'M BAWLING MY HEART OUT!

BUT THAT'S NUTS-- I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO HAVE ANY FEELINGS!

I'M NOTHING--A ZERO-- A **DEAD MAN**!... AAHHH-- I COULD BURST!

I'LL GET HIM I'LL GET THE TRIGGERMAN WHO DID THIS TO ME! I'LL GET HIM IF IT TAKES ME AN ETERNITY,'

BUT HOW CAN A **DEAD MAN** GET REVENGE ON HIS KILLER? THE ANSWER IS SEARED IN HIS BRAIN-- AND IT STARTED WITH THE CRACK OF A RIFLE AND A BURNING FIRE IN HIS CHEST!

ARRGH! I'VE-BEEN-SHOT!

WHEN BOSTON BRAND FELL TO THE HARD GROUND, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN SMASHED TO PULP, BUT...

I'M **NOT** DEAD! I DON'T EVEN HURT! BUT IT CAN'T BE! A GUY CAN'T FALL THAT FAR WITHOUT EVEN A SCRATCH!

BUT BOSTON BRAND WAS WRONG--HE WAS DI=AD--AND YET AGAIN, HE WASN'T!
THE NIGHTMARE ROLLED ON RELENTL.cSSLY.,,

M-M-M'{ HAND-- IT WENT RIGHT THROUGF-1 IT!

I TOLD YOU, MY SON--YOU ARE NOT ALIVE! THERE IS NO MORE SUBSTANCE TO YOUR BODY THAN THERE IS TO THE WEST WIND --OR THE APRIL MIST!

KRACKLE

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

LISTEN WELL--FOR I, RAMA KUSHNA, SPEAK BUT ONCE! BOSTON BRAND-- YOU SHALL HAVE THE POWER TO WALK AMONG MEN UNTIL YOU HAVE FOUND THE ONE WHO KILLED YOU!

ARE YOU CRAZY? IF I CAN'T HOLD A MOUSE IN MY HAND-- HOW CAN I GRAB A KILLER?

SPEAK TO ME! DON'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS-- HELP ME!

I'M ENTERING TINY'S BODY! MERGING RIGHT INTO IT!

I--I'M GONNA LIVE RIGHT INSIDE OF TINY!

Y-Y-YOW! I AM TINY! HE'S ALIVE-- BUT HE'S NOT CONSCIOUS --SO I'VE BECOME HIS EYES, HIS EARS-- HIS MIND! IS THIS THE GIFT OF RAMA KUSHNA--TO LIVE AGAIN-- IN A LIVING BODY?

YES--RAMA KUSHNA TOLD ME WHAT THIS WAS ABOUT--I'M BEING GIVEN A CHANCE TO BRING MY OWN KILLER TO BOOK! THEN IT'S OVER FOR ME-- FOR GOOD! BUT WHAT A CHANCE!

NOW, A TOMBLIKE SILENCE BLANKETS THE FIELD THAT, ONLY THE DAY BEFORE, ECHOED WITH THE GAY LAUGHTER OF YOUNG AND OLD...

WHERE ARE YOU, KILLER? DID YOU MOVE OUT WITH THE OUTFIT? WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU?

DEPOSIT WASTE

SOME OF MY PERSONAL PAPERS! GONE--AND FORGOTTEN!

BUT WHY NOT? WHY MOURN?... HERE TODAY--GONE TOMORROW!

THAT LETTER TO ME... OH, YES, I REMEMBER... LIZ MARTIN... A REAL PRETTY CHICK!

SORRY, BABY--I KNOW I MADE YOU A PROMISE --BUT IT WASN'T MY FAULT SOMEONE GUNNED ME DOWN!

DEPOSIT

AND WHAT ELSE HAS A DEADMAN GOT TO DO BUT REMINISCE? HE'S SURE GOT TO FORGET IT!... BOSTON BRAND HAUNTED TOWN THAT NIGHT...

THE FREAK-OUT

HI, MR. BRAND! I SAW YOUR ACT AT THE CIRCUS TODAY! YOU WERE GREAT!

THANKS, PAL!

WHY NOT? IT'LL HELP KILL SOME TIME!

NO ONE ELSE HAD RECOGNIZED THE SOLITARY FIGURE WHO WAS THE GREATEST TRAPEZE ARTIST OF OUR TIME, BUT THAT WAS OKAY--THAT WAS HOW BOSTON BRAND WANTED IT TO BE...

♪ PROMISE ME THAT YOU'LL COME BACK... ♪

HI, BABY...

COME ON, BABY-- BE NICE!

BOO!

OOPS!... I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN'!

THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT BOSTON BRAND THAT WARMED LIZ MARTIN TO HIM--MAYBE IT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN THE RAPPORT TWO LONELY PEOPLE CAN DEVELOP FOR EACH OTHER...

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS, AS THE SAYING GOES?

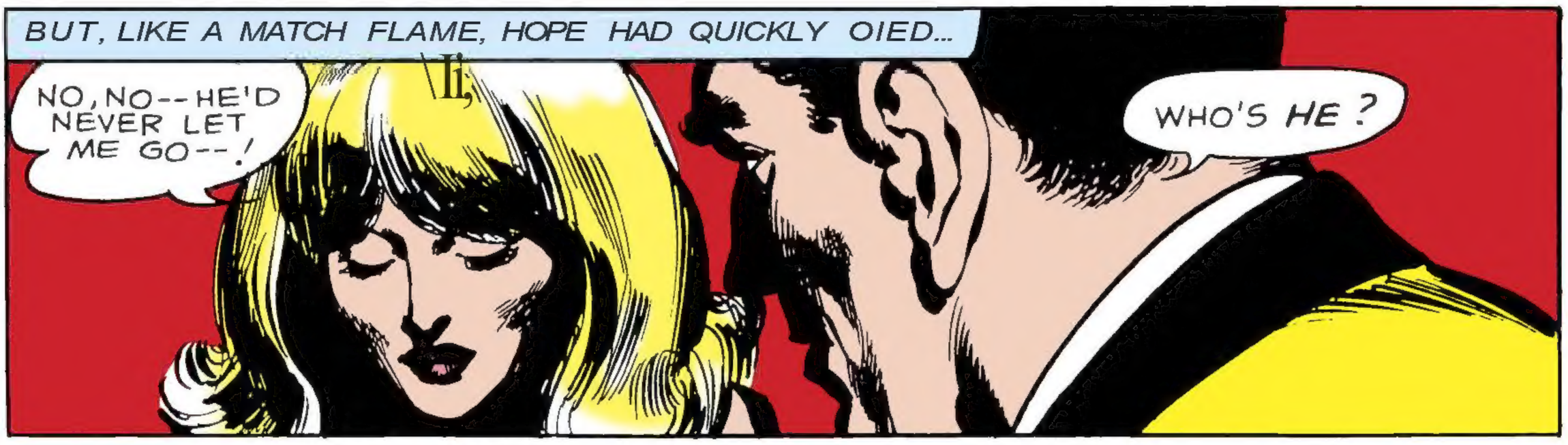
BOSTON HAD CAUGHT THE LOOK IN HER EYES --THE LOOK OF HOPE FLARING UP, LIKE THE SUDDEN FLARING OF FLAME ON A STRUCK MATCH...

IF--IF I *COULD* ONLY GET OUT OF HERE!

IT'S EASY! PUT YOUR COAT ON-- AND JUST *WALK!*

MAYBE... MAYBE... WITH *YOUR* HELP!

5


BUT, LIKE A MATCH FLAME, HOPE HAD QUICKLY OIED...
NO, NO--HE'D NEVER LET ME GO--!
WHO'S HE ?
ME ! ROCKY MANZEL!
AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW, BUDDY--SUPPOSE YOU COP A WALK--BLOW--FLAKE OFF !
DO YOU HAVE A FEELING THIS MONKEY IS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING ?
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE FOLLOWING ...

?ART ..."WHAT MAI<ES *A CORPSE CRY* .?U

Jt **ROCI<Y'S FIST MOVES WITH PISTON SPEED...**

WHOP

YEAH, FUNNY MAN, I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHIN'-- THIS.'

YOU MEAN-- THIS!?

OOFFF!

THAT WAS WHEN THE FUN REALLY STARTED...

YOU ASKED FOR IT, CLOWN !

I'VE HEARD MORE DANGEROUS BARKS FROM A CHIHUAHUA !

NICE THROW, PAL !

OOFFFF

BOSTON ! HE-- CARRIES --A--GUN !

SO YOU REALLY WANNA ... PLAY ROUGH !

KA-RASHH

STILL IN THE MOOD FOR FUN AND GAMES, LITTLE CHIHUAHUA ?

BRA-TAK

WHAP WHAP WHAP

SAY *UNCLE*, PUNK-- SAY IT !

OKAY, MUSCLES--
et-JOIJGH .'
ENOUGH!

GO AHEAD AND SMILE, CHUMP--BUT REMEMBER ONE THING--NO GUY EVER DID THIS TO ME AND LIVED TO TELL ABOUT IT!

BOY, YOU *SURE* KNOW HOW TO SCARE A GUY, PUSSYCAT!

AND THEN, THERE WAS LIZ MARTIN'S PRETTY, SCARED FACE BEFORE HIM...

HE MEANS IT, BOSTON! HE'S KILLED BEFORE--HE'LL KILL AGAIN!

I'D HATE TO SEE YOU DIE, BOSTON!

RELAX, CHICK--I FACE DEATH EVERY DAY--ON A TRAPEZE WITHOUT A NET!

BYE, BYE, BABY --I'LL COME BACK --AND YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT'S *REALLY* SCARIN' YOU ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU HERE--

--AND I'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET YOU OUT! THAT'S A PROMISE!

THAT'S A PROMISE!

SORRY, KID--REAL SORRY! I WOULD'VE KEPT MY PROMISE IF SOMEONE HADN'T TURNED ME INTO A **DEAD MAN**--

DEPOSIT WASTE

SOMEONE- ?! THAT SOMEONE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ROCKY MANZEL, COULD IT ?

IT COULD !

POOR LIZ... STILL HERE! WONDER WHO THAT GUY WITH HER IS ?

I LOVE YOU LIZ--AND YOU LOVE NIE, I KNOW YOU DO.' WMY WON'T YOU MARf<V M E ? WE COULD BOT!-! GO AWA'(--

SURE, SURE--AS FAR AS THE DOOR !

AND 50 THE LATE BOSTON BRAND--/N HIS GHASTLY GUISt:--PAYS A RETURN VISIT TO THE FREAK-OUT..

HAVE SOME BUBBLY, BABY--TO CELEBRATE THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOUR PAL, **BOSTON BRAND** ! I JUST HEARD ABOUT IT !

JUST THEN...

GET BACK WHERE YOU BELONG, PUNK ! I'M PAYIN' YOU TO WORK HERE--NOT TO MAKE OUT WITH LIZ !

DON'T BE A FOOL, LIZ-- HE SEEMS LIKE A NICE GUY! MARRY HIM !

I--I ALMOST FORGOT-- YOU CAN'T HEAR ME, CAN YOU ?

YES SIR !

WHY DON'T YOU SMACK HIM IN THE MOUTH, KID?

YOU CAN HAVE MY DRINK, TOO, ROCKY!

WHY, YOU--

--YOU WOULDN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT, 9A BY -- IF I DIDN'T FEEL SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT YOU.'

THANKS, LIZ!

BUT NO HARD FEELIN'S, BABY! I'LL DRINK TO BRAND'S DEMISE MYSELF!

ROCKY'S HAND-- HAS TWO MISSING FINGERS ON IT!

AND THE GUY WHO PULLED THE TRIGGER ON ME WAS WEARING A STEEL HOOK!

ARE YOU THE GUY WHO DID IT TO ME, ROCKY? ANSWER ME!

SEE YOU LATER, BABY!

HOW CAN I FIND OUT ANYTHING-- WHEN NO ONE CAN HEAR ME--OR SEE ME--OR FEAR ME?!

KRACK

BUT WAIT-- THERE'S ONE WAY--

THERE! I'M MERGING INTO PAUL'S BODY!

I CAN USE HIS EARS-- HIS EYES-- HIS BODY--

LIZ-- WAIT--!

PAUL--DON'T, BE A FOOL!

TELL ME ONE THING, LIZ-- DID ROCKY KILL BOSTON BRAND?

OH, PAUL--HOW SHOULD I KNOW?

HE'S CAPABLE OF IT! BUT- I-DON'T KNOW! THERE'S NO WAY OF KNOWING!

SO I'LL FIND OUT FOR MYSELF!

PRIVATE

AND AS HE SLIPS INTO ROCKY MANZEL'S PRIVATE OFFICE...

I'M SURE **YOU'RE** MY KILLER, ROCKY--AND IN A WAY, I'M GLAD IT'S **YOU**--SO I CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF NAILING YOU WITH THE RAP!

THIS HOSPITAL BILL--IT'S FOR THE OPERATION, ON HIS FINGERS!

BUT--BUT--THE OPERATION TOOK PLACE THE DAY ***BEFORE I*** WAS SHOT-- AND HE WAS STILL IN THE HOSPITAL WHEN I GOT IT!

SO--ROCKY MANZEL IS **NOT** MY MURDERER! WHO IS? **WHO IS?**

SUDDENLY...

IT CAN'T BE THE BOOKS THAT ARE MAKING THAT RACKET.' WHAT IS?

THUMP THUMP THUMP

WELL, WELL, WELL AND WHAT HAVE WE HERE?!

MINUTES LATER, DEADMAN GETS HIS ASTONISHING ANSWER!

SO ROCKY IS A COUNTERFEITER! NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

I'D BETTER GET THE MESSAGE TO THE POLICE!

BUT...

GO ON DOWN, PRETTY BOY--AND TAKE A GOOD LOOK!

HA, HA! GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT AND FRESH! HOW YOU LIKE, NOSY?

COME ON, KID--LAUGH IT UP! BECAUSE IT'S THE LAST LAUGH YOU'LL EVER HAVE COMIN' TO YOU!

r-10 HARD FEELIN'S, KIO--BUT YOU KNOW I CAN'T LET YOU WALK OUTTA HERE ON? YER TWO FEET, DON'CHA.

SOMEONE *ELSE* FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS PLACE, DIDN'T SHIF, ROCKY?'

YEAH, MAN-- *LIZ!* BUT SHE'S SOMETHIN' ***SPECIAL*** AND SHE'S GONNA MARRY ***YOURS TRULY,*** BECAUSE...

...A WIFE CAN'T TESTIFY AGAINST HER OLD MAN! SMART, HUH?

OKAY, MITCH-- PUT A HOLE IN 'IM!

I'VE ALREADY BEEN KILLED ONCE!

BESIDES--I DON'T ***OWN*** THIS BODY--I ONLY ***BORROWED*** IT!

THE SOUND OF A SAFETY CLICKING OFF TRIGGERS ***DEADMAN*** *INTO ACTION*

BAM!

OWWW! GULP!

HERE'S HOPING ***PAUL'S*** BODY IS UP TO THE DEMANDS I'M ABOUT TO MAKE ON IT!

CHUNK

OWWW!

I JUST GOTTA MAKE IT OUT OF HERE!

NO, YOU DON'T!

BLAM

HE-- GOT-- ME!

BIFF!

COME ON, PAUL --STAY ALIVE-- STAY ALIVE-- DON'T LET ME DOWN NOW!

WE GOT A PHONE CALL! WHERE'S THE TROUBLE?

DOWN-THE-CELLAR!

PAUL'S BEEN SHOT!

DARLING, DARLING-- DON'T BE DEAD!

NO, PAUL-- DON'T DIE! DON'T DO THAT TO ME, TOO!

HE'S OKAY, LADY --JUST A NICK!

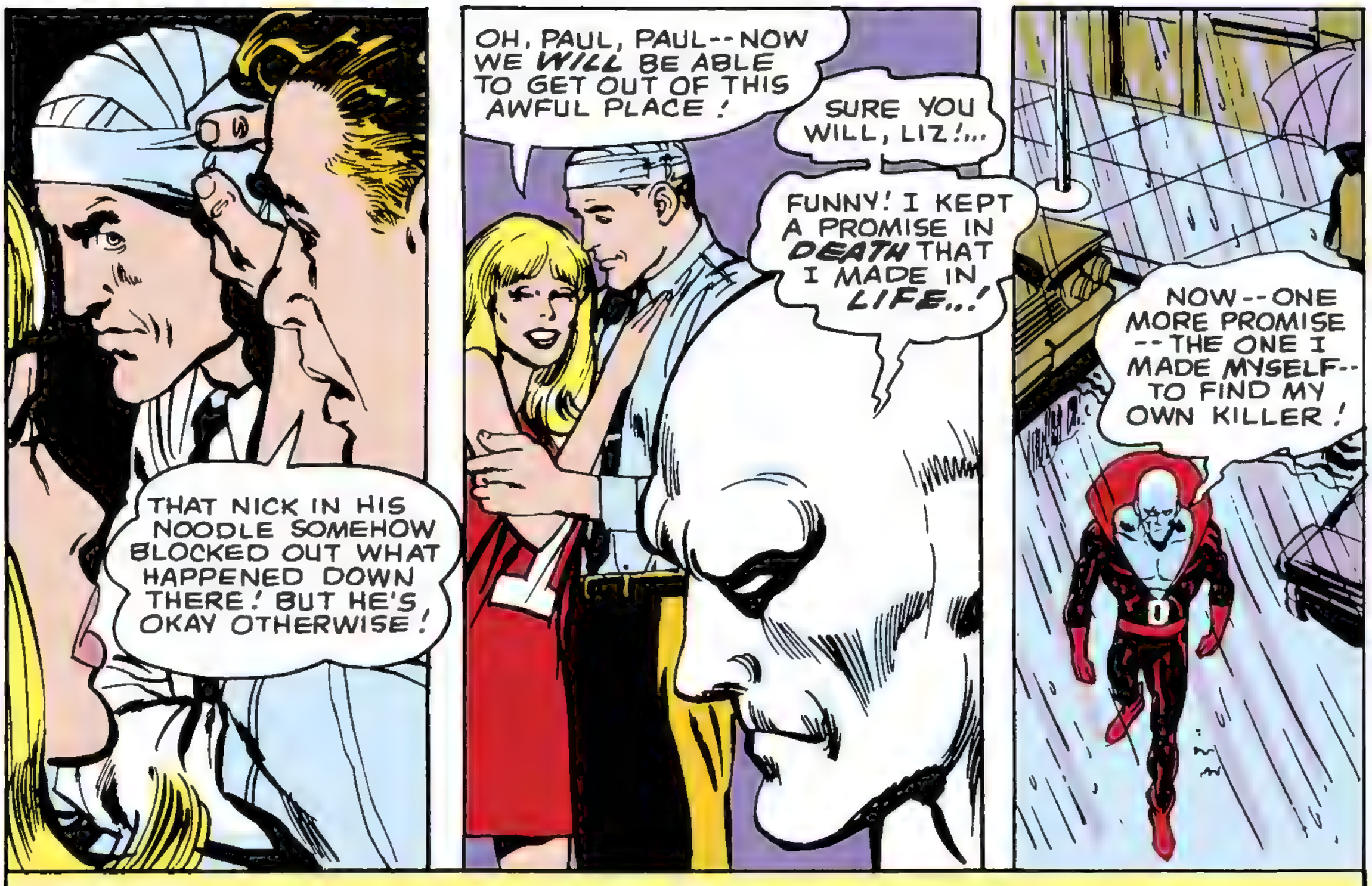
OH, PAUL DARLING-- I CALLED THE POLICE WHEN I SAW YOU GO INTO ROCKY'S OFFICE-- AND NOT COME OUT!

ATTA BOY!

AS THE WOUNDED MAN OPENS HIS EYES...

THAT BOY'S QUITE A HERO! HE CLEANED UP ROCKY AND HIS PHONY MONEY GANG WITH HIS BARE HANDS!

WHAT? WHO? *ME*?


THAT NICK IN HIS NOODLE SOMEHOW BLOCKED OUT WHAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE! BUT HE'S OKAY OTHERWISE!
OH, PAUL, PAUL--NOW WE WILL BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THIS AWFUL PLACE!
SURE YOU WILL, LIZ!...
FUNNY! I KEPT A PROMISE IN DEATH THAT I MADE IN LIFE..!
NOW--ONE MORE PROMISE --THE ONE I MADE MYSELF-- TO FIND MY OWN KILLER!

DON'T MISS THE NEXT FANTASTIC MILE OF THIS WEIRD ROAD TO ADVENTURE-- WHEN *DEADMAN* SCREAMS--"HOW MANY TIMES CAN A GUY DIE?"

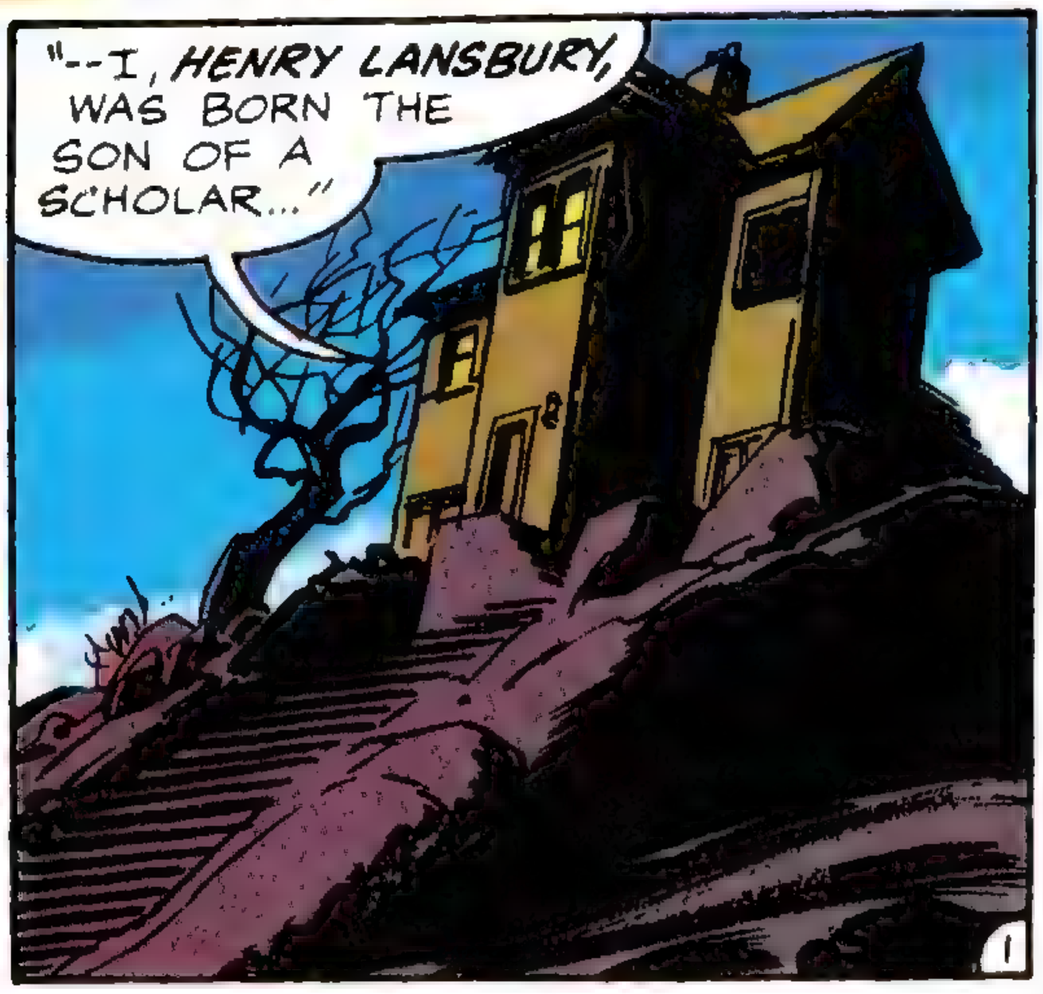
SECOND CHOICE

SCRIPT: GERRY CONWAY

ART: GIL KANE – NEAL ADAMS

BIOGRAPHIES, BIOGRAPHIES...AHH, HERE'S AN INTERESTING-LOOKING ONE...
"HENRY LANSBURY: MY STORY..." LOOKS LIKE IT'S CLOSE TO NINE HUNDRED YEARS OLD... CRUMBLING WITH AGE!
THAT'D BE DURING THE *DARK AGES* IN ENGLAND...

"LET IT BE KNOWN TO YE--" I CAN JUST MAKE OUT THIS WRITING... MUST BE ORIGINAL OLD ENGLISH--
"--YE WHO READ THESE PAGES, THAT ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF MAY, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD NINE HUNDRED EIGHTY NINE--"



"FOR MANY YEARS, MY VILLAGE HAD BEEN UNDER THE TYRANNICAL RULE OF ONE SORCERER SINISTER, A DEMON OF THE **BLACK ARTS** THAT HAD NO MERCY FOR THE LOWLY 'PEASANTS' THAT WERE HIS TO COMMAND... SORELY WERE WE TEMPTED TO REBEL, BUT WE KNEW THAT NONE WHO STOOD AGAINST THE **BLACK WIZARD** LIVED TO RELATE THE TALE..."

PAWNS OF MY POWER... HOW YOU **HATE** ME! PLOT--PLAN AGAINST MY CONTROL... BUT 'TIS TO NO **AVAIL!**

AS LONG AS I POSSES THE **STAR RUBY**, THERE IS NONE IN THE LAND WHOSE STRENGTH CAN **PREVAIL** AGAINST ME...

SQUIRM, WORMS... BEND BENEATH MY SLIGHTEST WHIM... FOR YOUR DAYS, NAY, YOUR VERY **LIVES**, ARE NOT YOUR OWN...

"...AND WE DID BEND, FOR OUR SPIRITS WERE CRUSHED BY THE FUTILITY OF RESISTANCE... AND FOR OUR UNENDING SHAME, WE PAID WITH **HUMILIATION!**"

STAND YE ASIDE, KNAVE ...OR FEEL THE BITE OF THE **WIZARD'S STING!**

FOR YEARS HAVE I SUFFERED THE BITE OF **SERVITUDE**...

I'LL NOT SHRINK FROM THE LIKES OF **YOU** OR THE PAIN OF HEALTHY FREEDOM!

I TOLD YE TO STAND ASIDE!

UUUNNNHH!

CRAAAKLE

HENRY--OH, SAINTS--HENRY, MY SON!

CLATTER CLATTER CLATTER

"BITTER WAS THE TASTE OF BLOOD IN MY MOUTH... BUT NONE THE MORE BITTER THAN THE HATE IN MY HEART AS..."

LET-ME-GO, MOTHER... WHY DO YOU STOP ME? WHAT GOOD IS LIFE WHEN ONE IS LITTLE MORE THAN A *SLAVE?*

YOUR FATHER THOUGHT AS YOU DID-- THOUGHT TO WIN OUT OVER THE *WIZARD* BY FORCE OF ARMS-- NOW HE IS DEAD! GONE THESE FOURTEEN YEARS-- WILL YOU FOLLOW HIS PATH? TO WHAT *END?*

TO THE END OF *FREEDOM*, MOTHER!

THE END FOR WHICH MY FATHER *FOUGHT*-- AND GLADLY DIED!

"AND THE *FATES* MUST FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, TOO, FOR THAT EVENING..."

--NAY, THERE IS *NONE* YE CAN NAME WHO IS MORE POWERFUL THAN GLARN! HE OWNS A *WHITE SPELL* AND *BOOK OF INCANTATIONS*...

AYE-- TALES ARE TOLD OF HIS AWESOME STRENGTH...

OF WHOM DO YOU SPEAK? THE *BLACK WIZARD*?

NAY--'TIS NOT OF HIS WICKEDNESS THAT WE TALK, BUT OF THE POWERS OF THE *WHITE WIZARD*, NEAR-LEGENDARY WARLOCK OF *STONEHENGE*...

BUT WHAT CONCERN BE IT TO YOU, YOUTH?

'TIS GREATLY MY CONCERN, FRIEND. TELL ME MORE OF THIS--THIS *WHITE WIZARD*.

HIS NAME IS GLARN; HIS AGE AND WISDOM ARE THE SUBJECT OF MANY A TALE...

THEY SAY HE WAS PRESENT WHEN *STONEHENGE* WAS SPELLED INTO BEING...

MANY ARE THE STORIES OF THE MIRACLES HE HAS PERFORMED... BUT TELL US, LAD, WHY DO YOU SEEK THIS KNOWLEDGE?

THE ANSWER TO *THAT* WILL BE MY CALLING CARD TO *GLARN*...

"...MY CHOICE WAS NOT AN EASY ONE... TO JOURNEY TO PLEAD MY CAUSE BEFORE AN UNKNOWN *WARLOCK*, OR TO TAKE THE SWORD AND BRAVE THE WIZARD'S SPELLS AS DID MY FATHER BEFORE ME. BUT ONCE MADE, MY DECISION WAS UNCHANGEABLE, AND THAT VERY NIGHT I SET FORTH, AND WITHIN SEVEN DAYS I CAME TO THE TEMPLES OF THE DRUIDS... *STONEHENGE!*"

HOME OF THE DRUIDS... AND HOME OF THE ONE CALLED *GLARN*...

AND YET--I SEE NAUGHT BUT DEAD *STATUES*! CAN MY JOURNEY HAVE BEEN IN VA-- *WAIT!*

WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE *HOUNDS OF HADES* IS THAT IN THE HEAVENS ABOVE ME??

DEMONS! WHAT MANNER OF *SORCERY* IS THIS?

A SIMPLE *DISSOLUTION SPELL*, HENRY LANSBURY!

SAINTS! YOU KNOW MY NAME?

AND YOUR PURPOSE... I HAVE BEEN AWAITING YOU THESE PAST SEVEN DAYS...

LET ME HAVE A TOKEN FROM YOUR HOME VILLAGE TO USE AS A *FOCAL* POINT FOR MY *INCANTATION!*

TAKE THIS TALISMAN-- GIVEN TO ME BY MY FATHER BEFORE HE VENTURED TO THE ***WIZARD'S*** CASTLE...

IT WILL DO PERFECTLY... NOW STAND YE BACK, *HENRY LANSBURY!*

SHADES OF SATAN, LOUD AND BLATANT... SCREAM YOUR WILL TO ME!

OPEN THE FIRES, BUILD THE PYRES, LET A STAR GATE *BE!*

"AND AS I WATCHED, THE VERY FABRIC OF SPACE WAS RENT BY THE POWERFUL SPELL UTTERED BY THE WARLOCK CALLED **GLARN**, AND THEN, IN THE PALE SMOKE THAT WRITHED ABOVE A SINISTER **PENTAGRAM**..."

GLARN! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS -- YOU DARE TO ATTACK ME **ANEW**?

I HAVE NOW WHAT I POSSESSED NOT BEFORE, **BLACK ONE**--

A CLUE AS TO THE **NATURE** OF YOUR TRUE BEING! EVEN YET, I LEARN ABOUT YOUR HIDEOUS BETRAYAL...

ENOUGH! I WOULD HEAR NO MORE ABOUT MY PAST--IF IT'S A BATTLE YE WISH, THEN PREPARE TO FIGHT FOR YOUR VERY **EXISTENCE!**

HA! HATH YOUR IRON WILL WEAKENED, **WIZARD**?

SURELY YE EXPECTED NOT TO OVERCOME ME WITH SUCH AS **THAT**!

IS THE POWER OF YOUR **STAR RUBY** BETRAYING YOU IN ITS TURN?

"...FOR MINUTES THAT LASTED FOR HOURS I WATCHED IN GROWING TERROR AS THE TWO **SORCERY SAVANTS** BATTLED, UNTIL..."

NOW, WIZARD--CHOOSE THE FORCE YE'LL STOP-- IF **CHOOSE** YE CAN! WHICHEVER YE STOP--THE OTHER SHALL STRIKE, AND DESTROY YOU!

"...FOR THE BLACK WIZARD, THE CHOICE WAS NEVER MADE..."

"...AND SO I RETURNED TO MY VILLAGE A FREE AGENT, HAVING BROUGHT PEACE TO OUR COUNTRYSIDE AND THE BLESSINGS OF GOOD WILL. AND THE REST OF MY LIFE I LIVED WITHOUT INCIDENT..."

YOU KNOW, GOLDIE... IT SEEMS A PITY... THE SINGLE MOST ADVENTUROUS HAPPENING IN HIS LIFE, AND HE COULDN'T TAKE PART...

IT DOESN'T SEEM *FAIR* TO HAVE TO STAND ASIDE AT THAT AGE... TO WATCH OTHERS DO THE FIGHTING FOR YOU... WIN THE *GLORY*...

I WELL WONDER *WHAT* WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF HE HAD YIELDED TO HIS SECOND CHOICE... IF HE'D FOLLOWED HIS FATHER'S PATH ...WITH SWORD...

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

HOW MANY TIMES CAN A GUY DIE?

CAN A GHOST CRY? CAN A DEAD MAN MOURN HIS PAST LIFE, AND YEARN FOR ITS PRECIOUS MOMENTS?... ASK THE MAN WHO WAS ONCE KNOWN AS BOSTON BRAND...

DEADMAN

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING--BREATHING, EATING, FEELING--IS THE KILLER WHO TURNED ME INTO A **CORPSE**! **WHERE** ARE YOU? **WHO** ARE YOU? **WHY** DID YOU DO IT? **WHY**? **WHY**? **WHY**? **WHY**?

1

CARMINE INFANTINO ——— PLOT
JACK MILLER ——— SCRIPT
NEAL ADAMS ——— ART

WHAM

SO, A GHOST **CAN** CRY! AND MOURN HIS PAST LIFE... BUT HOW? WHAT NATURAL FORCES WERE SUSPENDED TO MAKE HIS GREAT HEART BURST WITH YEARNING AND VENGEANCE?
FOR THE ANSWERS, WE MUST ROLL BACK THE CALENDAR TO THAT AWESOME MOMENT WHICH WAS SHATTERED BY THE ANGRY BARK OF A RIFLE...

ARRRRRGH!

READ THE PAPERS ALMOST ANY DAY AND YOU CAN FIND IT--A GUY IS SHOT AND HE DIES! BUT THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT HAPPENED TO **BOSTON BRAND!**

CRACK

RAMA KUSHNA, SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSE, HAS GIVEN YOU THE SPECIAL POWER TO RETURN AND DESTROY YOUR MURDERER...

WHAT **"SPECIAL POWER"?** IN TIME, HE FOUND THAT OUT TOO...

WHA-A-A-T? I'M ENTERING TINY'S BODY! THIS IS THE POWER-- TO LIVE WITHIN THE BODIES OF OTHERS!

EVEN THE LIGHT THAT SURROUNDED THE BODIES HE TOOK OVER COULD NOT BE SEEN BY ANYONE BUT HIMSELF...
BUT HOW DOES A MAN GO ABOUT FINDING HIS KILLER WHEN...

...SO MANY GUYS HATED ME...SO MANY GUYS WOULD'VE LIKED TO SEE ME DEAD... PETEY MARTIN.. BUGGSY WHAT'S-HIS-NAME... TOEY THE LIP... SID JAPES... ALFIE HENNESSEY... RICKETTS... EAGLE...

EAGLE?

WAS IT YOU, EAGLE? YOU ONCE SAID YOU'D DO IT! DID YOU KEEP YOUR PROMISE? DID YOU DO IT? *DID YOU?*

SEARED STILL INTO DEADMAN'S BRAIN WAS THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN, AS BOSTON BRAND, HE HAD RETURNED TO THE CIRCUS FROM A NIGHT IN TOWN...

THERE WAS MISS LORNA, LOOKING EMBARRASSED, AND EAGLE, LOOKING SMUG AND SNEERING...

WHAT D'YA MEAN YOU HIRED EAGLE FOR THE ST. LOUIS STAND? WHAT ABOUT *ME*?

PLEASE, BOSTON--DON'T GET ME WRONG! YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK OF YOU...THE GREATEST EVER!

BUT FOR ST. LOUIS WE NEED A NAME... AND *EAGLE'S* VERY BIG HERE!

I FIGURED YOU COULD TEAM UP WITH EAGLE--JUST FOR ST. LOUIS, SWEETIE--JUST FOR ST. LOUIS!

WHATSAMATTER, BRAND--AFRAID TO TEAM UP WITH ME BECAUSE I MIGHT SHOW YOU UP?

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU COULDN'T SHOW UP A ONE-ARMED PAPER HANGER WITH THE ITCH!

"EAGLE"! THAT MONICKER OF YOURS KILLS ME! YOU'RE MORE LIKE A *SPARROW!*

AND SO, THE TWO GREATEST ACROBATS OF THEIR TIME--THOUGH FILLED WITH HATE--ENTRUSTED THEIR VERY LIVES TO EACH OTHER...

SOON THE ONLY SOUND HEARD WAS THE WHISPERING OF AIR PASSING THE HURTLING BODIES IN THE EMPTY BIG TOP...

THEN AFTER A PERFECT TRIPLE SOMERSAULT...

YOU... DIRTY...

BUT BOSTON BRAND'S HAND HAD GRABBED OUT DESPERATELY, AND...

YOU TRIED TO KILL ME, DIDN'T YOU, EAGLE? YOU WANTED ME TO DIE, DIDN'T YOU??!

PROVE IT!

A SCREAMING RAGE FILLED DEADMAN'S HEART AT THE SNEERING AERIALIST'S WORDS...

CRAK

ALL RIGHT, EAGLE, YOU SNIVELING COWARD, YOU WANTED A CRACK AT ME, WELL, YOU'VE *GOT* IT! LET'S SEE IF THE *SPARROW* REALLY IS AN *EAGLE!*

HE IS, STUPID!

SWOK

DESPERATELY DEADMAN CLUTCHED AT THE TIGHTROPE AS EAGLE BATTERED HIM... UNTIL...

KRAK

STUNNED FROM THE BLOW, BOSTON BRAND'S LIFE DEPENDED ON THE SHEER PERFECTION OF HIS TRAINED REFLEXES AND PHYSICAL STRENGTH...

I'M GLAD YOU MADE IT, BRAND! I WAS HOPING THIS GAME WOULDN'T END TOO SOON!

HIS VISION UNCLEAR... DEADMAN PEERED AT THE HAZY FORM OF HIS TORMENTOR, UNABLE TO SEE THE LOOK OF FEAR THAT FLASHED IN EAGLE'S EYES...

C'MON, PIGEON, I'M READY TO END IT NOW!

THAT'S IT, STUPID... COME GET YOUR BRAINS KNOCKED OUT!

HE DIDN'T EXPECT THAT!

AAYIEEEEE!

STILL HOLDING THE TRAPEZE, EAGLE SWUNG OUT OVER THE EMPTY CIRCUS FLOOR! DEADMAN WAITED TILL HE REACHED THE APEX OF HIS SWING...

THEN...

BRAND... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU MANIAC, IF WE HIT... WE'LL...

BRAND, YOU MADMAN, YOU'LL KILL US...

OOO BOTH!

WUMP

WE'RE GOING TO MISS THE NET!

WE'RE GOING TO MISS THE NET!

PART 2

OF **HOW MANY TIMES CAN A GUY DIE?** BELOW THE FALLING FIGURES OF DEADMAN AND EAGLE, THE CIRCUS PEOPLE GASPED-- NONE OF THEM WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING TO HELP...

THEY'LL *NEVER* HIT THE NET! THEY'LL BE KILLED! OH, TINY!

GOT TO GET SOMETHIN' UNDER THEM!

CHARLIE... GET THAT SPOTLIGHT BACK ON THEM!

STRAINING HIS PRODIGIOUS STRENGTH TO THE LIMIT, TINY HURLED THE LUMBERING CRATE ACROSS THE CIRCUS RING AND...

GOTTA FIND SOMETHIN' TO...THAT CRATE, MAYBE!

KA-THUMP

CRASH!

THEY HIT IT CLEAN BUT... SO HARD...

THEN, FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY, THE TWO FIGURES LAY ON THE SPLINTERED CRATE, UNMOVING AND SILENT...

SLOWLY THE FIGURE OF DEADMAN STIRRED, HIS MUSCLES TENSED AND BUNCHED...

LOOK, HE'S MOVING!

THE BATTERED FIGURE ROSE...

HE'S ALIVE... BOSTON'S **ALIVE**!

TINY, WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

NO, MISS LORNA, NOT YET!

EAGLE...

EAGLE! GET UP! I WANT YOU UP! SO YOU CAN TELL EVERYONE YOU'RE A SPARROW!

A SPARROW... NOT AN EAGLE, A **SPARROW!**

SLOWLY, EAGLE'S HAND CLOSED ON A PLANK...

TELL 'EM!

THEN...

KRACK

FOOL... NOW I'LL REALLY FINISH THE JOB I STARTED, EVEN IF I HAVE TO DO IT WITH MY BARE HANDS!

CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD AGAIN... GOT TO CLEAR MY HEAD!

THEN...

SPARROW! DID YOU EXPECT ME TO SIT THERE AND WAIT FOR YOU ALL DAY? WELCOME TO THE PARTY!

THEN, LIKE AN UNSTOPPABLE PUMMELING MACHINE, DEADMAN DROVE HIS FISTS INTO THE STAGGERING FORM OF HIS ANTAGONIST...

WHUM

I WANT TO HEAR IT... I WANT EVERYBODY TO HEAR IT! TELL THEM WHAT A MURDERING SPARROW YOU ARE!

CRACK

TELL THEM YOU'RE NOT AN **EAGLE!**

TELL EVERYONE THAT THE EAGLE IS A **SPARROW!** AND A COWARD! TELL 'EM!

SAY IT!

I'M... I'M A SPARROW... AND...

AND!!

AND... I'M A COWARD!

NOW PUSH OFF, SPARROW! AND IF I EVER SEE YOUR PASTY FACE AROUND HERE AGAIN, I'LL CHANGE THE WAY IT LOOKS!

BUT IT WAS EAGLE WHO HAD THE LAST WORD...

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, BRAND-- COUNT ON IT-- I'LL GET YOU!

...

SURE--IT COULD HAVE BEEN EAGLE ... HE HAD GOOD REASON, AND HE WAS LOW ENOUGH TO SQUEEZE A TRIGGER ON A GUY WHO WAS ONLY TRYING TO EARN A LIVING... BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT STEEL CLAW THE GUNMAN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE WEARING?

SO WHAT? EAGLE WASN'T DUMB ENOUGH TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK IN A PLACE WHERE HE WAS KNOWN--

HE PROBABLY HIRED A STEEL-CLAWED GUNMAN TO RUB ME OUT!

AIN'T THAT RIGHT EAGLE? AIN'T THAT WHAT YOU DID?

12

IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND YOU, EAGLE--YOU'RE TOO FAMOUS--AND BESIDES, YOU ADVERTISE WHEREVER YOU ARE--RIGHT, SPARROW?

AND IF DEADMAN DIDN'T KNOW IT BEFORE, HE LEARNS IN DEATH THAT LIFE IS FULL OF SURPRISES...

CIRCUS FEATURING THE Eagle

AWW, HOW COULD YOU, LORNA? HOW COULD YOU HIRE THAT FINK? YOU KNEW HOW MUCH HE HATED ME-- YOU KNEW HE TRIED TO KILL ME!

13

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD FILLS DEADMAN WITH THAT STRANGE FAMILIAR FEELING...

YAYYYYYY

YAYYYY, YOURSELF! I GOT OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND!

OTHER THINGS-- LIKE KILLER EAGLE-- AND--AND LORNA!

HONEY-- THERE'S NO SAYIN' WHERE WE TWO CAN GO-- TOGETHER!

WHAT SAY, BABY? WHAT SAY WE HITCH UP!?

GET YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF HER, YOU FINK!

European Tour

WHAT SAY, CHICK?

I SAID-- GET YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF HER! YOU DIRTY, ROTTEN ANIMAL, I'LL-- I'LL--I'LL--

I'LL--WHAT? WHAT CAN I DO? I'M A LOUSY, HELPLESS, PATHETIC GHOST!

BUT A GHOST WHO CAN FEEL *PAIN*-- WHO CAN FEEL *PLEASURE*...

DON'T SAY THAT AGAIN TO ME, EAGLE! AND DON'T TOUCH ME AGAIN, UNDERSTAND?

THATA GIRL, LORNA

COOL IT, BABY--AND DON'T YOU PUT ON BIG AIRS WITH *ME*! I'M THE BIG ATTRACTION OF THIS FLEA-BITTEN CIRCUS NOW--AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

--ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WALK OUT--RIGHT NOW--AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR PRECIOUS CIRCUS, DON'T YOU?

THROW HIM OUT, LORNA-- YOU DON'T NEED HIM--

I--I KNOW I NEED YOU NOW, EAGLE-- *YOU'RE* THE GREATEST AERIALIST IN THE WORLD NOW--NOW--

--NOW THAT BOSTON BRAND IS GONE--

BOSTON BRAND COULD NEVER HOLD A CANDLE TO *ME*, BABY! AND I WANNA STAY HERE--WITH *YOU*--BUT--BUT--

NO, NO, LORNA--

I SEE US AS A *TEAM*-- A REAL TEAM--HUBBY AND WIFE--AND PARTNERS--

--SO BE NICE, BABY--AND LET'S HAVE A LITTLE KISS--COME ON, KID-- IT WON'T KILL YOU--YOU MIGHT EVEN LIKE IT!

EAGLE, PLEASE!

SUDDENLY...

DON'T, EAGLE--

I HEARD THINGS OUT THERE! YOU OKAY, MISS LORNA?

TINY! ARE YOU A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

GET LOST, YOU BIG APE! NO ONE INVITED YOU IN HERE!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, EAGLE! I PROMISED TO WATCH OUT FOR MISS LORNA, AND...

AND I TOLD YOU TO GET LOST!

OOF!

LOOK, EAGLE-- I DON'T WANNA FIGHT YOU--

BUT I DO!

MAKE ROOM FOR ME, TINY!

BOW!

DON'T TRY TO TAKE BOSTON BRAND'S PLACE, EAGLE--YOU AIN'T MAN ENOUGH TO--!

I AIN'T, AIN'T I? WELL THINK IT OVER, LUNK-HEAD -- BOSTON'S DEAD -- AND I'M ALIVE!

JUST LIKE I WARNED HIM HE'D BE DEAD!

17

THEN--THEN *YOU* DID IT, EAGLE--*YOU'RE* THE ONE WHO KILLED ME!

BUT KNOWING IT AND **PROVING** IT ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS! DON'T MISS THE NEXT ASTOUNDING EPISODE OF THIS AMAZING STORY OF--**THE LIFE OF A DEADMAN!**